THE TROUBLESOME TRAIN

Every Month Adds an Inch to Its Length.

JEWELED ZONES AND GIRDLES

The Summer Girl Will Pose as a Lily Maid in Ethereal, Snowy Costumes. Scintillating Creations for Gaslight Wear—Coquettish Shirt Waists of Cotton Persuasion.

New York, April 23.—It is a long train that has no curtailing, and common sense, comfort-loving women who do not wish to be conspicuously behind the style are anxiously asking themselves where these fashionable rear extensions will come to a stop.

The train of a smart cloth walking dress flows two inches on the floor, while house and dinner gowns trail out from six inches to three feet behind their wearers. The proper train gathers no fullness of the waist line, but is so skillfully cut that from six inches below the waist its amplitude begins—up about the placket hole its gathers are pinched and close, but at the knees it begins to flare and thence flows forth, broad and fanlike smoothness, flaring so little below the knees that the average petticoat seems to fit its wearer as neatly as a silk casing does an umbrella.

Observation justifies the statement that no haircloth is used in any train, but a coarse muslin, as an interlining, runs from hem to hip and only in the back. Perhaps the most serious phase of the train, though, is that it does not appear to advantage when held high and clear of street dust and dirt. The cut of the new skirt demands that, for the sake both of dignity and grace, the train be left to flow unchecked, and even the most astute woman cannot support these rear folds in her hands with becoming postures. For this reason many of the tailors face the trains of walking suits with thin leather, for the depth of four or seven inches, and, also, for this reason, independent spirits and cleanly souls are arrayed in fierce revolt against the train abomination, as they not unjustifiably term it.

So very few waists are made to fasten at the bottom over their skirts that the dressmakers are driven almost to their wits' end to find original schemes for belting in their patrons.

Since sashes have been dropped out and folded girdles have fallen from their recent high estate, the only resource left is the leather, velvet or ribbon straight bands. Two dull-gold turtles, enameled with jewels, their necks stretched out and locked in deadly combat, is the sort of buckle ornament and clasp affected on ribbon belts by those who can afford to adopt every passing mode.

In the shops they are selling ribbon by the yard, gros grained belting, most smartly figured in steel beads or spangles, and far more decorative, costly and attractive are the girdles of thinnest velvet-finished suede, that measure three inches at the back, taper to a fine point in front and are crossed at short intervals by narrow slides of filigree silver meshing many small, bright stones. These girdles, in velvet, satin and silk, with very lovely turquoise and Rhinestone slides, are adapted for wear with the richest evening toilets, and their especial charm is the aspect of graceful slimness they lend to almost any figure that is within bounds.

Very slim-waisted women are going to wear with their linen skirts and shirt waists heavy satin and light leather waist bands, nearly four inches deep and so laced up with silk strings or leather thongs in front that they can be molded exactly to the forms they embrace.

An oddity that the feminine eye lights upon in the shops just now is the black satin corset belt, to wear with airy organdies and dotted swisses. The corset makers manufacture these all boned and corded, clasping in front with three little gold hooks and laced behind and afresh every time the belt is put on.

The silk laces run through gold eyelets, and have bright gold tags, and tailors turn out, for wear with the silk and cotton shirt-waists they make gone belts of black satin. Small double points at front and back, and the satin pinched into close lingerie tucks, go to form the only moderately broad belt that stout women are earnestly prayed to scorn and avoid.

When none of these shaped belts are adopted, the woman in a quandary as to how she can best hide the junction of her skirt and waist belts, ought to wrap around her middle a wide black liberty satin ribbon, and tie in a single loop bow at the left side, and directly in the center of the back. The ribbon folds should be drawn out as much as possible, and, with small, bright jeweled brooches, the ribbons' edges pinned as far down on the skirt and up on the waist as they will go.

Shirt-waists of the cotton persuasion are growing very coquettish, indeed, with their yokes of embroidery, and into the field of cotton blouses has come a new white shirt-waist made of all-over embroidery. It is an exceedingly picturesque and soul-satisfying garment on a white-hot Sumer day, and under it must be worn a cache corset of white linen or colored silk.

In all respects this latest comer is made quite like any gingham shirt, minus the very prevalent tucking. Some of them, it is true, show wide sailor collars of embroidery, under which, in front, knots a small bright tie of soft silk. Stiff white linen collars and cuffs are made on these shirts, but the front buttons are white woven bullets.

There is almost a sensation over the cotton, silk, and percale shirts, with finished tails, that the tailors are putting out as bait to novelty seekers. This is a direct inducement to wear the short and hitherto concealed tail outside the dress belt, and just how the great feminine public will receive the idea is not yet known. In scallops, points and wedge-shaped tabs, or full ruffles, the tails are completed, and slim-waisted women undeniably profit by this pretty hip decoration.

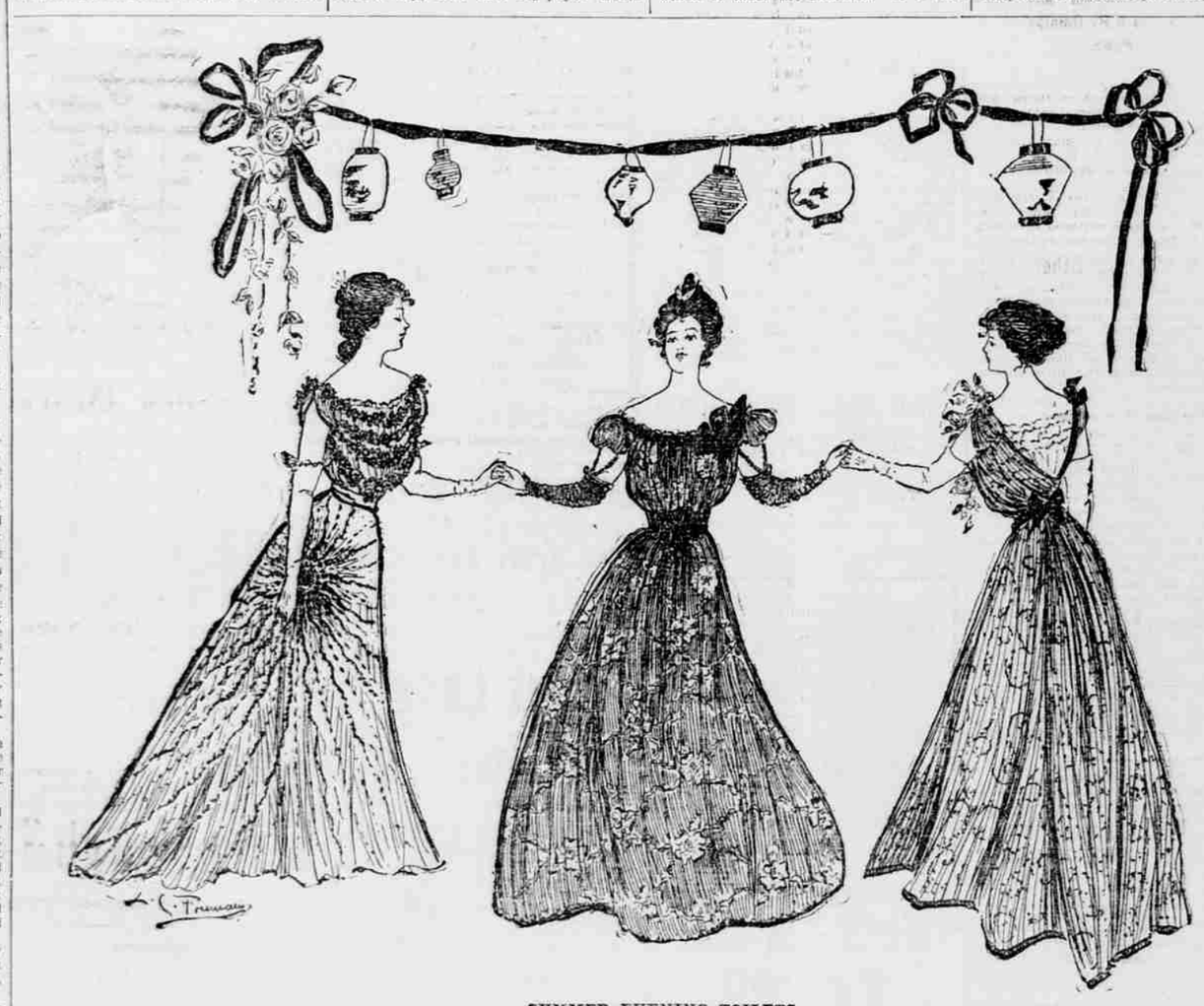
No demur of the faintest sort has been offered to the shirts of white linen and nainsook having richly embroidered bosoms. The bosoms are soft and full and fretted with most delicate needlework, usually in a series of wreaths or vines. Not a touch of color is introduced in the figures, jeweled buttons are worn in the cuffs and bosom and a bright taffeta stock takes the place of a linen collar. These expensive dainties of dress are regarded as eminently appropriate for any morning occasion, even for a wedding in Summer and in the country.

A feature of the warm weather season that promises to be the most prominent is the predominance everywhere of the white costume. Tailors and dressmakers, shoemakers, and milliners, all tell the same tale, and moreover assure the inquirer that many of their patrons, especially those at the debutantish age, have registered solemn vows to wear only white the whole season through. This is easily vouched for by the sight of innumerable white serge, satin cloth, and poplin costumes, richly and elaborately designed, that the needlewomen are busy completing; the white silk, lisle and cotton hose in the shops, the white duck, muslin, linen, and pique skirts made up by the great gross and the popularity of white varnished leather ties and white pique leggins. The leggins are to be worn with white canvas ties and white duck suits, in the immaculate ensemble of the new bicycle dress.

One tailor even shows a very lovely snow-white habit for a fashionable young equestrienne, for, saving the gaudy red inseparable from the golf links, white suits are, more than any others, adaptable this Summer to the putting greens. There is something very coquettish and undeniably effective in thus abjuring all color and adopting one rule of dress, but only the young, who are bright of eyes, fresh of skin, and shiny of hair, can bear the test bravely, and it requires a stout heart to sacrifice the becoming colors of the season.

Consider the hats of the season. Solomon would confess his splendor outdone before any one of them, and yet they are not all either complicated or overdifficult for amateur imitation. The first rule of good millinery is to buy a prettily colored straw, and the tints of the straws are as the colors of Joseph's coat for variety.

There is shown a growing tendency to trim individual hats within the limits of one color. A yellow straw is wreathed with buttercups and yellow lace, while its ornamental pins are set with amber.



SUMMER EVENING TOILETS.

Masses of heliotrope are lavished artistically with violets and lilacs on a mauve frame, while hyacinths, forget-me-nots and turquoise pins adorn a blue shape. A suggestion for the amateur hat trimmer is given by a pretty little lilac shape adorned with a great handkerchief of lavender silk muslin, edged about its four sides with violets sewed on close but irregularly, stems and all—the stems was the only contrasting tone in this chromatic scale of pale purples, and the kerchief was knotted about the hat's crown with careless grace.

Another sweet green thing was trimmed with a few yards of verdant taffeta ribbon, edged with white violets, the maker had whipped on, and instead of sewing the decorations to the frame, this resourceful amateur adjusted silk muslin and ribbon by means of cheap little pearl-headed pins.

The peacock is a bird of but sad and sober plumage beside the flashing color and dazzling scintillations of the woman who is arrayed for a Spring in spangley is not yet full, so that excepting the white gowns treated with black lace appliques, or those of black treated with white, a majority of eight out of ten evening toilets are spangled from toe to shoulder straps. The small flat sequin is not any longer the only kind used for the newest are ring and oval spangles, worked in with the disk in most complicated patterns, and just now the whole effort is after Japanese designs.

A black net petticoat, showing a cycle moon on the front breadth, toward which, from all parts of the dusky skirt, black and silver bats are flying, is almost a conventional pattern, so remarkable are some of those we see.

One adorable white tulle creation was, for example, most wondrously worked, in all its mistlike labyrinth of fullness, with twinkling schools of bright little fish, flashing blue, gold, silver and green in the gaslight. Not less remarkable and alluring was a toilet of turquoise blue gauze, in the lower left-hand side of which, in front of the skirt, flew a bird of gorgeous metallic blue palettes. The remainder of the petticoat was illuminated with gold and black arrows shot through the mesh of the drapery in showers toward the glittering fowl.

With such skirts as these similarly spangled or flower-draped bodies are worn. The last mentioned is the latest arrival at the court of fashion. A flower body is first built up from a close decollete basque of satin that hooks together at the back. Over this net is draped and on the net flowers are sewed. Small flowers and fine leaved vines such as violets, forgetmenots, speedwell, hyacinth bells, heath, etc., are adapted to this purpose. To the skirts, chiefly in black and white, the flowers give a delicate and grateful tone of color.

With such suits as we have dwelt upon, long gloves are worn in rarest tints of mauve and pearl pink, sky gray and tourmaline green. At the tops of the long arm bags there is now a pretty fancy for gathering full Pierrot frills, an inch or two deep, of white tulle and specking them with spangles. But the tangent to which sleeves have momentarily run, is that of wearing a spangled lace arm-bag, extending from the wrist to within about three or four inches of the shoulder—fitted straps attach these to the shoulder and short gloves are necessarily worn.

For illustrations of these truths about evening gowns readers can scan the accompanying sketch of three evening toilets. They are replete with information for the seeker after knowledge on various points. Their trains are long, and that one giving a side view is a soft mauve net over heliotrope satin. In gold spangles on the mauve skirt a great sunburst is spread, its wrinkled rays flashing to all parts of the petticoat. The bodice is of mauve net fairly well covered with trails of arbutus.

The gown, of which a front view is given, illustrates an application of white lace on black silk muslin. Here and there black spangles are sprinkled on the skirt and waist, but are thickly strewn on the glove sleeves of black. A girdle of black satin deep behind, narrow in front and crossed with many rhinestone slides, lends brilliancy to this study in black and white.

The rear view of a black tulle costume, brightening with black paittes, is given in the third figure. The bodice is distinguished by an introduction of rose-colored chiffon about the top, while over one shoulder passes a fitted strap, over the other a shower of pink roses.

A summer ball wrap is worn by the single figure this week. A Parisian creation this, with its vast, majestic collar of black ostrich plumes and showers of plissed gold-colored chiffon falling out from between points of black plumes, that fall like the mantle of a fairy princess to the very knee.

THE BEAUTIFYING BOX.

Its Contents of Importance to the Summer Girl.

As warm weather draws near face powder becomes almost a necessity if one desires to appear above and not "under the weather," for a shiny, greasy complexion will spoil the freshest and prettiest toilet imaginable. Few women are aware of the value of soft tissue paper, such as men use when shaving, if used to remove moisture and "shine" from the skin before powder is applied. Soap and warm water, with a thorough rinsing in clear warm water, must, of course, be used once a day; after that the paper should be applied whenever the face needs cleaning. The case for holding this paper should be very like the shaving paper cases we have been making for years for brothers and cousins and uncles, but just double the size, so that each sheet may be as large as a full-sized handkerchief. Any woman who tries this paper for a week will wonder how she has ever done without it.

If powder is used luxuriously each day after the bath (and, by the way, when the powder is daintily perfumed it is a very subtle method of making my lady a flower-like presence) it becomes, if bought in the ordinary way, a rather expensive item. A dime and very little time and labor will supply a pint boxful. The same amount ready made would probably cost 50 cents. Half a pound of ordinary starch is to be well crushed under the rollingpin, mixed with two ounces of fresh powdered orris root, then put through an ordinary sifter and afterwards shaken through a bag of bank muslin. The orris root should be bought at a reliable wholesale druggist's, for, if fresh, the odor will be almost precisely that of newly-gathered violets.

A simple and efficacious cure for pimples should be kept in the beautifying box. The very thing is a little "flour of sulphur" (an ounce will cost a few cents) blended with sufficient spirits of camphor to make a paste. The last of there is a hint of such a disfigurement rub a little of the paste on the spot over night and it should disappear by morning.

No "beautifying box" is complete without soap bags for the bath. These may be made of cheesecloth, or, better still, knitted or crocheted from soft course cotton, like that used for knitting wash rags. The softness and delicacy of the skin after using for a week a bag cunningly filled will insure its constant use. The filling should be a quart of bran, a tablespoonful of freshly-powdered orris root, the same of almond, and half-an ordinary cake of white castile soap, shaved in thin strips, mix well. The bags should be made with a drawing string.

Rock salt does not suggest anything very dainty, but if a quart is allowed to melt occasionally in the warm water for my lady's bath it will tone up the skin and thus help to bring a dainty flush to the cheek.

Some South Sea Customs.

One would imagine that love-making in Fiji was a very tame affair from the fact that marriages are often arranged while those most nearly concerned are still in their infancy. However, courtship there is quite as interesting as anywhere else, and it has some peculiar features.

Cupid's happy hunting ground is generally a garden or a plantation, and on a moonlight evening he is generally pretty busy. At that time, high up in the branches of the bread-fruit trees, those who have eyes to see, may spy many a pair of human love birds perched on the branches forty feet or so from the ground. Fijian etiquette seems to demand that the fair one and her lover should occupy different branches, and should be separated by the trunks of the tree—this, at any rate, is the usual custom.

"Spare the bite and spoil the child" would probably be the South Sea Island mother's rendering of the wise man's saying, for she knew nothing of the use of the rod as a means of correction.

Instead of punishing her offspring in ways known to English mothers, she pulls its hair and bites some part of its body, generally selecting the fleshy part of its arm for the purpose. Thus it happens that travelers note among little South Sea Islanders many bearing wounds or scars on the body which have been produced by their mother's teeth.

The mode of caress is as queer as that of punishment. It is either to gently take hold of the child's neck with the teeth, or to pass the thumb deftly over its eyebrow or cheek. The rubbing of noses is also a sign of affection among the islanders, just as it is with the Maoris of New Zealand.

A Veteran's Experience.

(From the Chicago News.)

She—Colonel, have you ever been in close quarters?

He—Yes; I once rode 300 miles in a sleeping car where the only passenger besides myself was a female book agent.

Harmless.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"The old boy thinks he is a dangerous rake."

"Pooh! He must be toothless by this time."

MANUAL TRAINING OF GIRLS.

A Paper on Fitting Young Women for Special Services.

At a recent meeting in New York of the committee on organization for the manual training school for girls Miss Margaret P. Pascal, the secretary, read a paper explaining the manner in which the idea developed and some of the workings along similar lines. She said in part:

"There are, as you know, many lines of work now open to girls and young women who have been fitted for any special branch, and those who are able to bring any testimony of ability can generally find employment, but the untrained girl is usually thrown on her own resources suddenly, and has no equipment with which to meet the situation. It is this class we want to reach—the girls who at twelve or fourteen years of age are withdrawn from school, not having received sufficient education to be of use to them in finding work, and yet are obliged to do something. The poorest of these are obliged to fall back upon sweat work or equally ill-paid and confining industries; the next grade find places as cash girls, or, if they take to domestic service, must be contented with the least pleasant kinds, becoming drudges in families unable to pay or to keep a servant even fairly well. All this because they are fitted for nothing else.

"There has been much philanthropic work done among these classes," continued Miss Pascal, "and to the philanthropists we must appeal now. Schools where these girls can go and receive some hours' training daily will be of vast benefit not only to them but to the community. By their help a girl may be able to ascertain what she is fitted for, and lose no time in making her effort in the right direction. One girl helped in the way was found to have a decided talent for drawing; a little more help and her ability was so marked that a place was found for her in Cooper Union, where she has now been a student for some time.

"An effort will be made to induce girls to go into house service, by showing them the way to command good places and wages, thus assuring them comfortable and even dainty homes. Training will be given in all branches of house work, in the duties of the nurse and of the lady's maid. It is proposed to have in the nurses' training department a place for receiving babies and young children, that the girls may be taught the practical care of the little ones. There will be classes made up of different members of the school to take charge of the culinary department in turn, and learn to buy, cook and serve meals in an acceptable manner. A league of young society women may interest themselves in the schools, and by visiting them do an excellent work among the girls.

Hints That Help.

To powder parsley, dip the bunch quickly into boiling water to make it a brilliant green, then put it into a hot oven for a few minutes to dry thoroughly. Break into fine flakes.

Before closing your houses for the summer, try this simple method of preserving bright grates or fire irons from rust. Make a strong paste from fresh lime and water, add, with a brush, smear is as quickly as possible over all the polished surface requiring a preservation. By this means all the grates and fire irons in an empty house may be kept for months without further care or attention.

A few drops of oil of sandalwood, sold by druggists, dropped on a hot shovel, will be found to diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume in sick rooms or confined apartments.

As a dentifrice salt and water will not only cleanse but whitens the teeth, and will harden the gums.

A well-known and successful exhibitor of fine vegetables recently remarked that asparagus was rarely properrly cooked when sent to table, because of the practice of submerging the whole of the stems in water, thus treating green tops and blanched bases alike. The proper way is to cook it erect, covering the blanched stem with water, and leaving the green, tender tips to be cooked by the stem. In this way the entire stem is completely cooked at the same time.

The usual methods for cleaning gloves entail more or less expense, and frequently unpleasant odors. Try the following one, which is as successful as it is cheap: Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, a piece of towel or cloth, folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap with the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove downward toward the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and old gloves will soon look nearly new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, well-shaped and elastic.

WOMEN AND THE WAR

Necessary Qualifications for Those Going to the Front.

The Feminine Nurse Should Understand the Care of Saber Cuts, Gunshot Wounds and Fever.

The country is full to the brim with hot-headed, enthusiastic women, who want to be Army nurses in case of a war between the United States and Spain. They call themselves patriotic, and there is, doubtless, a large percentage among them who are gifted with the emotion that makes a man dare follow whenever his flag leads the way. But there are others. Hundreds of excitedly imaginative women, without the least appreciation of their own ignorance in nursing war cases, are rushing to military bureaus, newspaper offices and the Red Cross headquarters, offering services that would be not only absolutely worthless but hindering, except that the authorities have too much wisdom to accept them. It is certain, of course, that the Secretary of War would gladly accept the services of efficient feminine volunteers, to have their names enlisted on the Government pay-rolls and dispatch them to the scene of conflict—not to serve as soldiers, of course, but as nurses in the Army hospitals, and thus do their most valuable work by fighting death and disease in the ranks.

As a matter of fact, since the war cloud has loomed so large before us, the military authorities have been discussing the necessity of asking feminine aid, in the event of a declaration of war, and the sending of men to the assistance of Cuba. Such tentative investigations made so far have been inspired by the fact that in one important department the Army's hospital service is dangerously deficient. There is no corps of capable nurses to be called upon.

Since the Crimean war in 1855, when 21,000 soldiers died of neglected wounds and camp diseases; and since our own civil war, during which the nursing was painfully inadequate and the average of deaths directly due to this lack was frightfully high, it has been recognized that, for lack of the proper attention in the hospitals more men are lost and more suffering incurred in times of war than by mortality in battle. During the thirty-four years that have elapsed since Sumter was fired on, we have not considered it worth while to make any special appropriation or provision for trained nurses educated to serve in the Army. We have hospitals at West Point, Washington and elsewhere for the soldiers; attached to every regiment is its physician and ambulance corps, and the regiments of the National Guard are similarly provided, but should an American force be ordered to engage tomorrow any foreign enemy, the staff of nurses for the field hospitals would be absolutely inadequate.

The Government patronizes no hospital or training school whence a corps of nurses could be drawn, and it would be necessary for volunteers to come forward to act in this capacity. It is very easy to estimate that thousands would quickly proffer their time and talents in case the actual need arose. Thousands of earnest but untrained women or frivolous, excitement-loving creatures are always ready for an experiment, but to care for sick soldiers and the grievously wounded, in some strange and dangerous climate, the Government must have skilled hands, cool, educated and experienced minds. It would ask for a body of trained, highly diplomaed nurses, and the great majority of them women.

Already efforts have been quietly made to ascertain how far the Army could rely on the established training schools to supply this grave deficiency in the medical and surgical department. Though there are in the city of New York alone something like 2,000 women graduated honorably from the hospital schools, not one of these could be forced against her will to enter the Government service. Women are not liable to draft laws and if the public, who recognize this, very naturally asks why the Army would not employ men in this capacity, the prompt reply can be made that men are excellent fighters, but the poorest sort of nurses. Those who go into the Army to nurse are usually rough, only half-trained, they give their patients careless attention and, in the civil war, the male nurses were even caught pilfering from and cruelly neglecting the invalids.

The care of the sick ought then be confided to women, and though there is not the least doubt, if the Government issued a call for nurses, those trained for the service would promptly and bravely respond, another serious question arises. Our women are taught for the hospital work and to care for the sick in private houses, or the poor in the city slums. Between these three classes of patients and the soldiers, suffering from a gunshot wound, from camp fevers, from over-exhaustion and exposure, is a very different sort of patient indeed. More than this, work in a comfortable sick-room, with every modern convenience at hand or within call, is a very different field of action from the rough- over-crowded hospitals and from the wretched accommodations of a camp.

An Army nurse must be something above the average woman in health and nerves and courage. She must know how to meet emergencies, to submit to military discipline, to bear cruel hardships with perfect fortitude, to be, in short, a genuine ministering angel with a stout arm and quick wits.

Recognizing the pressing necessity for just such a feminine element in the Army, and for women who by special training would be fit to cope with the exigencies of military campaigns, the English government some fifteen years ago established a school in which to educate only those nurses required by the army.

Netley Hospital, founded by the queen, soon after Florence Nightingale's magnificent work in the Crimea, was chosen as the school for these women. To Netley are sent the soldiers invalided home from any part of the world where English troops are fighting, and in caring for these patients the women are taught the treatment of wounds and such special ailments as soldiers, by reason of their mode of living and exposure, are most subject to. At Netley, because of the difficult labors for which they must engage, the students are taught with scrupulous care. They are required to work in the hospital, first as probationers and then as registered nurses, from five to six years, and the government gives no diplomas until the severest examinations have been passed.

Once graduated from Netley school a woman becomes a part of the British army, subject to the commands of her government and pledged to bow to the peculiar discipline under which the army nurses are held. At any day or any hour, on a moment's warning she must be ready to embark for any part of the world where her services are needed. To the sandy shores of the Nile, the jungles of South Africa, or to the frontiers of India.

Like a soldier she wears a uniform and travels with the least possible luggage. In the hospital, a print gown, a white apron and a muslin cap, from which in the rear falls a short white veil, forms the costume and over this, for outdoor wear, a long dark cloak and small black bonnet transform her into a very sober business-like individual. Her voyages to distant lands are usually made in hospital ships, and, contrary to the notion of the average woman, she plays no part on the field of battle.

Her business is to serve in the hospitals near the scene of combat to which the wounded are sent, or to enter a camp where disease is wasting the soldiers, pitch a tent hospital and take the patients under active treatment and care. She is in no sense a doctor, but a nurse, never a surgeon but a surgeon's assistant, and the women who in Egypt and India nursed Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley's sick and wounded men wore just such caps and aprons, cuffs and gowns as in the hospital at home.

At Netley teaching and practical experience trains them to care for cholera and plaugue-stricken men, jungle fever and what not else that in the shape of physical affliction may visit the soldier. When the Government issues a call for sick men to be sent home, Netley nurses go out on the vessels and bring the sufferers to England. For this reason they are obliged to be capital sailors and in the camps often are forced to prepare all the food for their patients. Though rarely ever obliged to minister to men on the battlefields, still they are equipped, by rigid drill, for ambulance service under fire, for succoring the wounded where they fall and administering relief in all emergencies.

A Netley nurse knows a hospital ship from stem to stern and its requisite fittings, and her salary is paid by the government. As she is one of the regular medical staff she is, with her associates, placed in ranking order among the nurses, and decorated for any proofs of special courage and capability. Her life is not an easy one, but full of industry, interest and honor. Some of these nurses wear as many as five medals, given by the government, through the hands of the general under whom they have served, or presented by the queen herself, and in old age a pension is allowed with an honorable discharge.

By this means the sick of the English army are protected in a great measure, and tenderly cared for, and the woman's mission in her country's battles is most nobly sustained. Just why in our own piping times of peace no such precautions have been taken for the nursing of our soldiers it is hard to say. At the present moment the need for good nurses, trained Army nurses, is almost looking us in the face.

Should the occasion arise for sending our men into Cuba, a hospital service would be required at once. Not so much to nurse wounded soldiers, but those who would fall victims to climatic diseases, to yellow fever, the plague of Cuba, and to the other dangerous ailments that assail men of a northern climate camping in a tropical, moist region, where fevers are prevalent all the year round. Women undoubtedly would come forward on the instant hostilities were proclaimed, but our trained nurses would need to know something of military exactions, of the requirement for successful nursing in camps and under tents, of ambulance service and the hospital ship. Their efforts to gain experience in these matters would likely cost nearly as many lives as ignorant nursing did in the four years of our own bloody battles.

After the Crimean war, when Miss Nightingale, with her forty-one nurses and her own splendid courage and wisdom, did so much to prove how feminine hands could mitigate some of the horrors of war, the English nation gave her $250,000 with which to pursue her great work. It certainly would seem that, profiting by this example, we might wisely establish at once a hospital on Netley's plan in our own country, and thus obey that excellent injunction, in time of peace prepare for war.

An Ignorance Club.

Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker has the distinction of being the founder of the only ignorance club in this country. Instead of starting out with the assumption that the members have an abundance and to spare of knowledge upon every known subject, the principal plank in its platform is, "We know nothing, but seek knowledge."

"The Fortnightly Ignorance Club" is the title. Rochester is its home, and starting with half a dozen members meeting in Judge Parker's office, it soon grew to several hundred members with the chamber of commerce for its headquarters.

Mrs. Parker is the secretary and Dr. Sarah R. A. Dolley, one of the first women in this country to study medicine, is the president. Miss Susan B. Anthony is an honorary member and often adorns the meetings with her presence, bedecked with a coquettish bonnet trimmed with forget-me-nots.

At present a difference exists between Miss Anthony and some members of the club, owing to a difference of opinion on the suffrage question.

Each member of the Ignorance Club is privileged to display all the ignorance at her command. A paper is read, questions follow and the subject chosen for the next meeting in one of which the members know little, but wish to know much.

Mrs. Parker has written a number of children's stories, as well as more important works, notably "The History of Rochester" and "A Midnight Cry." In the latter tale she gives a vivid account of the Millerite delusion. Mrs. Parker writes from personal knowledge, having been brought up in that faith.

Spoke Too Suddenly.

(From the Chicago News.)

She—Let me see, what is the proverb? "Man proposes and——"

He—But hold on! I'm engaged to two other girls now.

He had been thinking of something else and spoke without stopping to consider, but after that, of course, no explanation could be made.

PORTIA AND THE POOR.

Young Jewish Attorney Rights Their Wrongs Without Pay.

A young woman who stands in peculiar relation to the New York poor, and is a subtly helpful influence in the ghetto and its vast German and Italian contingent, is Miss Rosalie Loew, acting assistant attorney of the Legal Aid Society.

There are deaconesses and missionaries, trained nurses and Red Cross disciples, working daily in this vortex of humanity, but no one of them or the charities they represent, can give just the help that the deputy of the Legal Aid Association is empowered to offer. Spiritual and physical needs the organization cares for without stint, but the hurts of injustice, hurts that rankle deep and embitter the victims against the very land that harbors them are of another sort; these are soothed and set right by the society that gives to the penniless man a competent lawyer to fight his claims for him, without money and without price.

Go to the Legal Aid rooms when you will and the benches are lined with applicants bearing more or less sign of need and hardship, waiting for one or the other of the attorneys to see them. From 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night, on days that she does not go to court the young Jewish girl listens to the plaints and grievances of clients.

An official in the outer office has previously sounded the measure of affront or wrong and has sifted the applicants requiring actual appeal to the courts, from those whose claims allow of settling without recourse to law. So each one of the women and men who confer with the slender, dark-eyed counselor are in actual need of legal interference.

A woman's husband has failed to support her, has perhaps cast her aside and taken another wife, leaving her to care for his four or five children as best she may. It is more than likely that the woman tells this story in a foreign tongue and that her features declare Jewish origin. The client before her spoke German, yet another in the mixed Hebrew-Russian-Yeddish that would puzzle an expert linguist but whatever the tongue and tenor of the trouble, however garbled and obscure, the young attorney goes straight to the bottom of it and fishes up the facts most pertinent, and the very points, perhaps, that the client would have made clear before, had she known how, but ignorance and embarrassment together are a bar to lucid expression.

It is just in this particular that the woman's tact and intuition supplied by Miss Loew has been, for three years such a boon to the legal aid work. It takes patience and peculiar sympathy to unravel the thread of an applicant's story that has got looped and caught in "Os" and "Ahs," and evidences of emotion. The assistant attorney has both attributes in a marked degree, and her chief, Mr. Carl Schrus, delegates to her many tasks that would wear out a mere man's capacity in that direction.

According to the old Mosaic tenets a man is put away by his wife, she having no say in the matter, by merely handing her to the "ghet," with proper ceremony, before a rabbi. This "ghet" is written in the presence of the rabbi with writing material owned by the husband.

After this simple divorce proceeding the man is at liberty to wed again. According to the American law this rabbi's "ghet" does not sanction remarriage, but some of the husbands and rabbis alike are acquainted only with their orthodox teachings and tenets and are utterly ignorant of American dictates and penalties. Numerous East side wives bear the brunt of this unfortunate misunderstanding of rights and the legal aid, in all cases, adjusts their injuries, and, where reconciliation with the husband is futile, sees to it that that false and fickle individual pays a certain stipend per week, in proportion to his means, for the support of his rightful wife and children.

It falls out often that, for other reasons that the husband's desire for a new spouse, the East side wife is unhappy. Among the poor and humble in station, women's rights are still mainly in abeyance, wife beating is so common as to excite scant comment, and the husband uses his tacit prerogative to the fullest, hiding the children from the mother, if he sees fit to do so, and making her life intolerable in other ways. Until the Legal Aid Society was instituted, the wronged women stood things as best they could, but now numbers of them appeal for remedy, and to none is a deaf ear turned. Miss Loew sees them all.

"It does me good to help them," she said, in speaking of her work. "I get interested daily in securing wages illegally withheld and in righting other outrages for my clients, but these cases that we call our 'family troubles' appeal to me particularly.

"I feel very tender toward my outraged wives, and, although I know that their ignorance and perhaps overhasty temper may have brought on the worst that happened, still theirs is the most onerous part to bear, and they have my sympathy.

"That woman who just went out, the young woman with the pathetic face; she has not seen her children for months. Her husband and his mother have quarreled with her, turned her adrift and secreted the children, the youngest an infant, somewhere where she can't either see or hear of them. She is ignorant, with little ability to tell her story clearly, but it is plain to me that she has been much put upon by a heartless husband, and I shall take delight in bringing him to justice.

Miss Loew spends a good deal of her time in court, and Mr. Buesen, the able counselor, who is the president of the society, speaks in high terms of her efficiency as an advocate. Besides her legal relations to the applicants, the young lawyer is appealed to on all sides concerning matters apart from her calling. She is mentor and guide combined to a large costituency, and men and women, years her senior, consult her in emergency.

Not long ago she received a money order for $11.75 from a Pennsylvania postoffice, followed up by a letter from a former client stating that this sum represented his savings and he hoped she would keep it for him until called for. He was a German laborer whom the society had served. He had since got work in the country and could think of no better friend to trust with his little all than the young woman attorney who had once taken his part against an oppressor. A cash boy the other day sent Miss Loew 45 cents, an installment of the sum she had loaned him when in need. He was the son of a widow whose wrongs the aid society had redressed.

These istances are only a slight manifest of daily experience at the Legal Aid rooms, where the young Jewess, with her bright, quick movements and winning personality, is the much-prized coadjutant. She is long-headed and cool-headed to a degree unusual in a girl of twenty-five, and, with all her sympathetic intuition and cordiality of manner, she wastes neither time nor words on settling her "family troubles," as she calls them.

Miss Loew is a graduate of the New York normal school and of the New York University, and was admitted to the bar in 1895. Besides her duties at the legal bar, she lectures on medical jurisprudence at the New York College and Hospital for Women. She is the only Jewish woman in America, if not in the world, to adopt the legal profession; but, in spite of her professional dignity, she is a very woman, and claims that she can turn her hand to anything in the line of domestic duty that presents itself. She is slight and youthful in bearing and wears always in the office the somber, tailor-made garments that befit her calling.